10 June 1916

1916

Hogarth

Saturday.

Dearest,

I'm afraid I can't come on Wednesday, much though I should like to. We are going out on Wednesday night, & we go to the Webbs on Saturday, so that wouldn't leave much time — only Friday really. But I hope you'll ask me — or us — again.

I think it was all right with Nelly, as I said me. Tribunals had been very stupid which was our reason for asking her help, & we'd no wish to do anything underhand. I suppose it is probably true that Lord S. always does his best for everyone.

V.B.

? June 1916

1916

Hogarth House,
Paradise Road,
Richmond.

Dearest,

Nelly writes this, so I'm afraid it can not much good applying to her, but of course the Cecils are incredibly conscientious. Do tell me what happens about Duncan.

I had this letter from Aunt Mary who seems to me to be altogether wandering what with age & misery, poor woman — Now John, Millicent's son, is killed too.

Yr B.

PAGE(S) EXCLUDED DUE TO COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS: LETTERS WRITTEN TO VIRGINIA WOOLF.

1916

Hogarth House.

28th June.

Dearest,

It's very odd about Duncan, isn't it? We dined with the Hewletts the other night, there we met one of Asquith's Secretaries, who said, in confidence, that all C.Os in future, who are imprisoned are to be interned as alien enemies — If this is true, I suppose Asquith will say so in the House today. About coming to you — we should like to very much, but we are going to Asheham on the 7th for a fortnight, so our best times would be between the 21st July, & 7th August. I daresay you'll have other plans for that time, so would you say what time suits you. Oh are equally good for us, I think.

I always keep a rout of pouch & gossip for you in my mind — I imagine you have a very soft trembling kitten now — but let me think now about our week end with the Webbs. The Bernard Shaws were there, we talked quite pleasantly — we were taken for brisk walks, still talking hard, through kind of a big ridge country. Mrs Webb pounces on one, rather like a moulting Eagle, with a bald neck & a bloodstained beak. However, I got on with her better than I expected. She seems very open minded for an elderly person, & with no illusions or passions, or mysteries, so I daresay one would find her rather dull in the long run; she reminded me of one of the undergraduates of our youth. Shaw went fast asleep apparently, in the middle of all the talk & then woke up & rambled on into interminable stories about himself, Adela & his backbone which is crooked, & his uncle who tried to commit suicide by shutting his head in a carpet bag, & his father who played in the orchestra & died insane as they all do, & so on & so on — Poor Mrs Shaw was completely outwit,

& she took me for a motor drive, & confided to me that Beatrice &
Sidney, though wonderful people, had no idea of religion: & then she told
me all about her conversion to Indian mysticism, & lent me little books, which
unluckily, Mrs Webb got hold of, & she peered at poor old Mrs Shaw
who sat in her corner, like a fat white Persian cat, making straw mats.
I think I should be driven to mysticism if I saw much of the Webbs.
I wish you'd tell me more about your visitors — Leyton & Norton — is
Norton just the same? We've rent in our income tax paper, but so
far we haven't got any money. I hope we shall get the press this
summer, & start in the autumn. The question now is, who will write
for us? Will you? We shall certainly want some end papers —
By the way, we're in the middle of spring cleaning, & Lottie unearthed the
Walt drawing of mother, an early work of yours — Hagle harbour.
It is so good — grey, pink & buff colour (in my opinion) that I have
hung it up. I should like a great big one of yours. to put on the
staircase. Olive has become rather smart, & is brisk as a well groomed
hunter — hair all glossy, & cheekbones bright red — & a lot of chains &
bits of green silk. She talks of Michael as if he were a pet dog.
The little private secretary is the son of Bayswater boarding house keeper,
& so he never gets asked out, except by Olive, & he wants to marry
a wife, so Olive took him to Ka's, but he thought none of the young
women there would do in Downing St. I heard from Ka, who seems to be
staying on, & is apparently all right — & also from Aunt Anny, but
it's all about books & rather dull. Sydney Waterlow has a son: Borgia a
daughter. I liked Miss Sargent Florence, who was brought here by James —
how I've got to go to the Women's Guild Congress — wont you wish
you were coming? If I stay with you, shall I get special
attention? petting & free nights & kissing & stroking the ladies milk. Eh?

V B.

NYPL

L. Hasselt.

?16 July 1916.

1916

Atherham,
Lewes.

Sunday,

Dearest,

Would it suit you if we came next Friday to Monday? That seems the only time. Could you let me know as soon as possible if this suits you — & if so, what your station is, & which afternoon train is best. We should come straight from here, & I hope you wont mind my having no clothes —

I'd better keep such fragments of gossip as I have till we meet — but nothing much has happened down here — Did you see Ka in London? She rang me up just as we were going to say she'd come back, in order apparently to be inoculated —

I'm very glad Duncan has got off - They'll certainly
let him stay on, I suppose; but what a farce
it all is!

I rather hope ye went kettle at
Winnett. I miss your company very
sadly. Yesterday a great wad of
matted hair had to be cut from my
head, & I'm nearly bald bald.
I make bread every morning here, but I
haven't mastered the art yet. Can you do it.

O the Apes are so excited at
the thought of seeing you.

By the way, have you invited Richards
Leonard, or haven't you?
there isn't room -

VB.

NYPL

HAMILTON 12/29/69

Please write, & tell me what flowers to plant. I want to begin at once. I have made your rolls, not so good yet as yours, but better than Nellys. Mat Egg Savoury is made by boiling the semolina in milk, not water.

Hogarth House
Richmond.

Sunday.

I am very much interested in your life, which I think & hope is going another novel about. No fatal ~~tragedy~~ with you - you start so many new ideas.

1916

Dearest Creature,

Before I forget, did I leave my umbrella at Winett a take away one almost identically like it, only larger? When I got into the Tube I found myself with a strange umbrella, not so refined as my own, which I am ready to return, but I fear it really belongs to a very smart tradesman who travelled with us. Also, we never paid for our trap — what was it? We came back to the usual run of small incidents, which I think you are lucky to avoid. You heard about Adrian & Gerald I suppose? I met Fredegond & Gerald in a tea shop in the Strand, & they were thinking of appealing, as they dont want to become agricultural labourers - Harvig ones own land of course, makes all the difference & I daresay they'll all try to come to Winett, but I suppose you dont much want them. I said I thought there wasn't much room. Fredegond is really rather beautiful I think, though a little too austere & reminiscent sometimes of Aunt Mary.

I've seldom enjoyed myself more than I did with you, & I can't make out exactly how you manage – She seems to get into such a contented state of mind. I heard from Lytton who feels the same, & says he would like to live with you for ever. He's rather off Otoline, I gather – at any rate he doesn't mean to live with her, & is looking for some other lodgment. He is off to Wales, so I don't suppose we shall see him. I talked to Ka on the telephone – she wasn't well enough to come here, & has gone to Aldbourne, rather ill I think, with bad Earache. She is coming to Asheham – but I suppose she is in need of a rest cure. England is too horrible to stay in. She says. but to it would be spent only saw dominic – Dadley Ward, had to soothe their miseries all day.

I sent you some velvet slippers, which cost 4/11 – but I don't know if they'll do. They with change them if they are too large – Sears, George Street, Richmond. But I will take them off you, as I really want a new pair. Their toes looked a little odd. I greatly envy you your brats. They are very interesting. How odd it will be when Julian is a very clever, severe, undergraduate as I see he will be. I think you ought to take a holiday some time; you do keep at it so, & having responsibilities is a great strain. Desmond dined with us last night, & said he supposed you were perfectly happy, in a state of complete mental suspension, like a big dog – whereas you're as active as a grasshopper. I hope to go to Seven Dials & get the silk coverlet tomorrow. The Stores don't keep them. We go to Asheham on Tuesday. The servants now propose to stay with us for ever.

NYPL

Hamlin 1.12/24/69.